

A Blunder Repaired

By ARNOLD PRESCOTT

In some instinctive way Alice Gave soon felt as if she had known him for a long time; and she was rather glad that the erratic train service kept him and her waiting together. She had seated herself in the great city station to wait for the train that would carry her to her Northern home; and he had seated himself beside her. Soon they had entered into conversation; his keen brown eyes had looked pleasantly into her gray ones; and she had been content to wait.

Suddenly, he had started and said to her quickly, "Will you look after this case of mine until I return? I will not be gone long."

She had readily agreed without thinking much about his request. She saw his tall form disappear through the great door. He was walking rapidly.

She looked at the case. It was large and heavy; she did not wonder that he had left it with her if he were merely going to find out about some train or ask some question at the information window.

But he did not return, and the fact worried her, for in a short time her own train would be pulling in. She almost forgot her quick interest in him; it hardly seemed just an unselfish act for him to leave her without remembering that she too must catch her train.

She watched the door with growing concern, but through it came no tall figure and pleasant smiling face. The big hand of the station clock crept to the hour. She made up her mind there was nothing to do but to take the case and go with it. He might catch her



Saw His Tall Form Disappear Through the Great Door.

on her way—and the thought made her heart jump—think she was running away with it. But she could wait no longer.

She caught up the case, and found it very heavy, but she started hurriedly for the door with it.

Sharply, as she passed through, an arm caught hers, and a voice with a note of triumph in it greeted her penetratingly:

"Just a moment, young lady, where are you going with that case?"

She looked up with astonishment and fear, dimly wondering if some friend of his had seen her or the brown-eyed owner had returned. Instead, she found herself looking into the cold eyes of a middle-aged man.

She explained rapidly, but her breathlessness and anxiety were suspicious. She saw the gate swinging. "Please, I must get my train!"

"No," the cool voice said, "not yet. I think you can put that off. Suppose you come with me, make no fuss and we will tell you where to go!"

She looked around with wild eyes and wildly beating heart. A crows' (crow) had collected and was rapidly growing larger. The hand on her arm tightened. With her train pulling out, there was nothing else to do; and she yielded.

From somewhere another man seemed to come who placed himself on her left, and they led her through corridors into an office, where a uniformed man rose.

"I guess we have got him, or, rather her," her first captor said, "walking right off with the plunder."

Through the chaos in her mind, she heard the words dimly, and out of the chaos began to creep a slow meaning that left her white and trembling.

The grip had contained stolen goods; these men were detectives, and they had been watching for some one with just such a case; and they had found her—and he with the kind, brown eyes whose friendly glance had won her heart with just one look—he had seen them, and not daring to take the grip had hurried out, leaving it with her.

They had opened the case on the desk, and the uniformed man's eyes were cold as he turned to her.

"Caught with the real stuff! Well, I guess we need worry no longer. She doesn't look the part, does she?"

More like some rosy-cheeked country girl."

"I am not a thief!" she cried, desperately, trembling. She told us her story; and she saw in each face the cold smile of. She sank into a chair with a moan, covering her eyes as she wept.

A cool but kinder voice said "Back up and come with us."

They went into the corridor and down into the station. Through tear-filled eyes she glanced in the direction where she had sat those happy half hours with her brown-eyed friend. She saw a tall figure standing there! There was no doubt!

She caught the detective's arm and impudently whispered and talked to him. He suddenly seemed to grow tense. "Here, Space, keep this girl while I finish him!"

She stood in the grasp of the officer, and saw the other, putting himself between the tall form and the door, go up and climb the other stairs on the shoulder. The officer turned and she saw both in earnest conversation. They glanced in her direction and suddenly that tall figure swung with long strides toward her, and seizing her, she saw the friendly face set with some emotion.

He came up to her. "Little girl, I owe you more than an apology. I did a ridiculous stunt."

As he talked she heard the detective say to the other, "It's all off 'time on.'"

Wondering, dazed and weary with the stress she heard her station friend saying, "Now come with me to a quiet place and let me explain."

She followed dumbly, half-hearing what he said, and found herself in a little corner in a winsome bit of a restaurant. His mild eyes held her gently, and the soothing tones of his voice stilled the tempest in her to some extent as he explained.

"I am a railroad detective—sent from the Southern division to help un down a gang of sneak thieves operating here. I spotted the chap with the valise, but he dodged me. I was sitting there with you, hoping I might catch sight of him again. I thought I saw him, and hustled out without thinking about you. And I'm down right sorry."

The mystery clear enough for her, strangely happy that he was not the thief she had suspected without reason. "But how did you know I wouldn't run away with it? And did you catch him?"

A slow smile gathered on his face. "Yes, I landed him, and sent him on back for the grip—but, listen, please, I am going to hire a taxi and take you to the finest hotel for maid and young maids in the country; and don't you suppose you could stay over a few days and let me show you how sorry I am for this blunder?" She listened shyly in the way of a woman and answered in the way of a woman very simply but to him with a note of triumph. "Perhaps." And he knew the indefinite answer that he was definitely forgiven.

PROFITEER ALWAYS WITH US

'Gougere' Were Known and Properly Dealt With in South Africa 200 Years Ago.

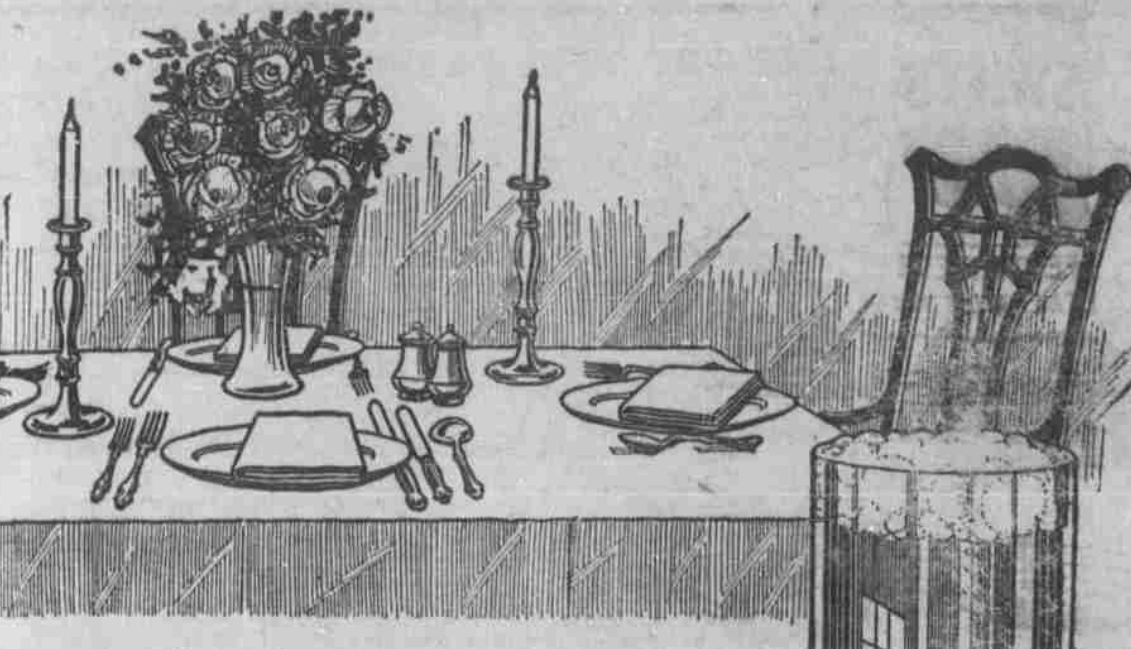
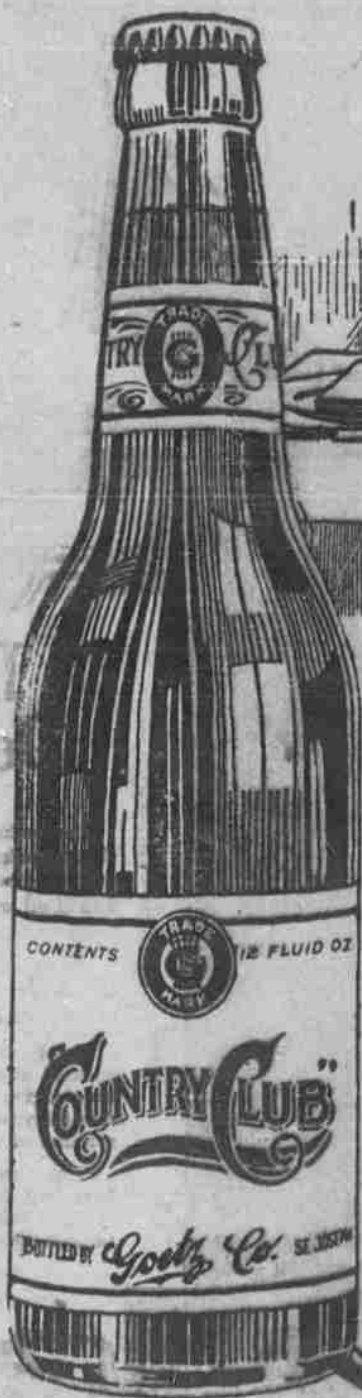
The profiteering evil is no new thing in South Africa. Speculating in the necessities of the people is recorded as far back as 1728, and the present proposals to legislate for the evil have their counterpart in the placemat is used nearly 200 years ago an exchange dates. January 9, 1728, the reference in the journal reads:

"Corn harvest very bad. Placemat issued to prevent heartless speculators from buying up the wheat to the injury of the poor and creating a monopoly; also to advise all to sell what is not required for their own use to the company at the ordinary rates and not to sell to one another."

The harvest failed in the following year, and January 8, 1737, the journal sets forth: "As the harvest has failed miserably, because of the all-devouring rust or honey dew, so that hardly any grain has been delivered to the company, and as the farmers all complain and, under the circumstances, the plans of self-interested parties may be thwarted evidently the placemat of the previous year did not scotch the speculation; a placemat was published forbidding licensed bakers to bake white bread, cakes, biscuits, except for families or to sell even a pound of flour."

George Elliot.

Most of George Elliot's novels are studies in retaliation, akin to Greek tragedy and in general to Greek modes of thought, whereby, as expressed poetically, when a wrong is done, the Bunnies, daughters of earth and darkness, awake and revenge it. It was likewise the Hebrew formula that they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind. This law, observed alike by pagan and Jew, George Elliot modernized and elaborated in detail in the light of the science of her day. Her method was to lay before the reader the antecedents of a character like Dorcas Lygate, to confront him suddenly with the necessity of an immediate act having a distinctive moral quality, and then to trace in all its windings and turnings the influence of that act not only upon him who committed it but upon others who are caught in the meshes. "We can conceive," she remarks, paraphrasing Aristotle, "no retaliation that does not spread beyond its mark in publications of an unquiet mind." Nothing is ever left by George Elliot at loose ends; when he finishes, the fabric is whole and complete. Willbur Cross, in the Yale review.



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New Poultry House Profitable Investment.

Mrs. E. E. Carter built a new poultry house about one year ago. Now she is an enthusiastic advocate of suitable housing for poultry. For the months of January, February and March of 1918 and 1919 the Carters' hens averaged from 25 to 26 eggs. In 1918 the flock of 150 hens showed a loss during these months of \$3.12. In 1919 the flock which was slightly larger returned a profit during the three winter months of \$48.00. Not being satisfied with these results the Carters concluded that a new poultry house was needed. In 1920 with the poultry comfortably housed the 170 hens averaged 45 eggs from Jan. 1 to Mar. 31. It is thus seen that the hens laid 19 extra eggs due to the new poultry house. Those eggs sold for 60 cents a dozen returning an extra income of 95 per cent a hen. In 1920 the hens averaged as many eggs in January as for both January and February of the two preceding years. This last winter the profit above feed cost was \$181.61 as compared to \$48.00 in 1919 and a loss of \$3.42 in 1918. The plans for the new poultry house were secured from the University of Missouri and are found in Experiment Station Circular 93 which may be obtained by writing the Poultry Department or College of Agriculture.

Sudden Sensitiveness.

Some Republicans are complaining that Governor Cox and Franklin Roosevelt are not lady-like in their campaign speeches. Particularly resented are their references to leading Republican Senators. To speak of Lodge and Smoot and Penrose as a "clique," an "oligarchy," or as "plotters" is the height of impoliteness. But these sensitive-plant Senators cannot be killed by epithets. If they could, they would have succumbed in 1912, when another Roosevelt was laying about him with words that were worse than blows. He attacked these same Senators in his full-blooded way as "second-story men," "porch-climbers," "thieves," "receivers of stolen goods." Senators who lived through being bethawed by the vocabulary of Theodore Roosevelt have nothing to fear

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from reviling at once less vigorous and less picturesque. The classic Lodge ought to comfort his brother Senators by quoting "Graviosa passi," which being interpreted means: "You who have been bludgeoned over the head by Theodore ought not to wince when tapped on the wrist by Franklin."—N. Y. Times.

300-Acre Corn Field.

A 300-acre corn field in the Northern part of Pemiscot County is attracting considerable attention. This corn was planted in the swamp in what was known as flag or open-pond land. W. S. Edwards, the owner, used two tractors and did not

plow this land but simply double disked it before planting. Part of the corn was plowed three times and promises a yield of 65 bushels an acre. The part plowed twice will yield 50 bushels; the part plowed once will yield 35 bushels, and some not plowed will yield 25 bushels. The field is a revelation to the rest of the district and nearly every Sunday visitors travel for miles thru the woods to see this corn. Reid's yellow dent variety was planted.

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Adv.
Arthur Foster, Burris Helm and Joe Mavel saw the double-header between Indianapolis and Kansas City at Association Park Sunday.